

SATYR

Against HYPOCRITES:

Juvenal. Sat. 1.

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.

Juvenal. Sat. 14.

Velocius & citius nos

*Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
Cum subeant animos auctoribus.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for N. B. at the Angel in Corn-hill.

An. Dom. 1655.

S A T Y R

Against

HYPOCRITES.

THE FIRST PART.
OF THE HISTORY OF THE
HYPOCRITES.

By JOHN BUNYAN.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
THE SECOND PART.
OF THE HISTORY OF THE
HYPOCRITES.



LONDON,
Printed for W. B. at the Angel in Cornhill.
MDCCLXXII.

A Satyr against Hypocrites.

T Edious have been our Fasts, and long our Prayers;
 To keep the Sabbath such have been our cares,
 That *Cissy* durst not milk the gentle Mulla;
 To the great damage of my Lord Mayor's Fools;
 Which made the greazie Catchpoles sweare and curse
 The Holy-day for want o'th' second course;
 And men have lost their Body's new adorning
 Because their cloathes could not come home that morning;
 The sines of Parliament have long been baw'd at;
 The vices of the City have been yaw'd at;
 Yet no amendment; Certainly, thought I,
 This is a Paradox beyond all cry.
 Why if you ask the people, very proudly
 They answer straight, That they are very godly.
 Nor could we lawfully suspect the Priest,
 Alas, for he cry'd out, *I bring you Christ*;
 And trul' he spoke with so much confidence,
 That at that time it seem'd a good pretence;
 Then where's the fault? thought I: Well, I must know;
 So putting on cleane cusses, to Church I goe:
 Now 'gan the Bells to jangle in the Sceptre;
 And in a row to Church went all the people;
 First came poore Matrons flock with Laces like Cloves,
 Devoutly come to worship their white loaves,
 And may be smelt above a German mile,
 Well, let them goe to fume the Middle-Ile;
 But here's the sight that doth men good to see,
 Grave Burghers, with their Posses, Sweet, sweet, sweet,
 With their fat Wives: Then comes old *Robin* too,
 Who although write or reade he neither doe,
 Yet hath his Testament chur'd to his waste,
 And his blind zeale seals our the proof as fast,

And makes as greater Dog than in the hall
 A new Court, Golden Colours, as it were
 When the young Cuck, from his cloak close wrapt;
 Then panting comes his Wife from Pother and
 O'er Tooth, to hold Out Father and for a friend;
 Then came the shop young Fore-man, 'tis presum'd,
 With hair of gold, warts, and his gloves perfum'd,
 With his blew, blue, Stripes, too, and besides that,
 A riband with a knot in his hand, and
 The Virgins too, the fair one, and the Gypsey,
 Spilling wares, wares, wares, wares, wares, wares,
 And now the fil'd Dames throng in, good store,
 And casting up their eyes, to the pew door
 They come, proud in, for though the pews be full,
 They must and will have room, I, that they will,
 Streight that the fair not appear, most distast
 One takes; 'Tis fine that I must be displaced
 By you, she cries then, Good Mistress Gill Flurt;
 Gill Flurt, enrag'd cries to other, Why ye dirt-
 -ie piece of Impudence, ye ill bred Thief,
 I scorn your terms, good Mistress Thimble mine wife,
 Marry come up, cries to other, pray for that;
 Surely your husband's but a Scavenger,
 Cries to'ther then, and what are you I pray?
 No Aldermans wife for all you are so gay,
 Is it not you that to all Christianings frisk it?
 And to save bread, most shamefully steal the basket,
 At which the other mad beyond all law,
 Unheath her talons, and prepares to claw,
 And sure some gorgers had been torn that day,
 But that the Readers voice did part the fray.

Now what a wardrobe could I put to view;
 The cloak-bag, brooches, and the sleek-stone shoe,
 The Gallimaufry cloak that looks like constance,
 Now wide, now narrow, like his Master's conscience,
 The program gown of such antiquity,
 That *Spind* could never find its pedigree,

Fit to be doted on by Antiquary,
 Who hence may descant in their old Glossary,
 What kinds of fardingsale fair Helen wore,
 How wings in fashion came, because wings bore
 The Swan-transformed *Leda* to *Jove's* lap,
 Our Matrons hoping thence the same good hap;
 The pent-house beaver, and calves chandron rug,
 But of these frantick fashions now enough,
 For now there shall no more of them be said,
 Lest this my ware-house spoil the French-men's trade.

And now as if I were that wollen-spinster,
 That doth so gravely show you *Sermon* Minister,
 Ile lead ye round the Church from pew to pew,
 And shew you what doth most deserve your view,
 There stood the Font, in times of Christianity,
 But now 'tis tak'n down, men call it Vanity,
 There the Church-Wardens sit, hard by the dore,
 But know ye why they sit among the Poor?
 Because they love us well for love o'th box,
 Their money buys good beef, good wine, good smocks,
 There sits the Clerk, and there the reverend Reader,
 And there's the Pulpit for the good flock-Feeder,
 Who in three lamentable dolefull ditty's
 Unto their marriage-fee's sing *Nunc dimittis*,
 Here sits a learned Justice, truly so
 Some people say, and some again say no,
 And yet methinks in this he seemeth wise
 To make *Strypone* yeild him an excise,
 And though on Sundaies, Ale-houses must down,
 Yet wisely all the week lets them alone,
 For well his Worship knows that Ale-house sine
 Maintain himself in gloves, his wife in pins,
 There sits the Major, as fat as any bacon
 With eating custard, beef, and rumps of capon,
 And there his corpulent Brethren sit by,
 With faces representing gravity,
 Who having money, though they have no wit,
 They wear gold-chains, and here in green pews sit
 There.

Ingredients
 that compound
 a Congregation,
 on.

There sit True-blew the honest Parish-masters
 With Sartin Caps, and Ruffs, and Demi-cassers,
 And saith that's all: for they have no rich fancies,
 No Poets are, nor Authors of Romances.
 There sits a Lady fine, painted by Art,
 And there sits curious Mistress Fiddle-um-fart;
 There sits a Chamber-maid upon a Hassock,
 Whom th' Chaplain oft instructs without his Cassock;
 One more accustom'd unto Curtain-sin,
 Than to her thimble, or to handle-pins.
 O what a gloss her forehead-smooth adorns!
 Excelling *Phoebe* with her silver horns.
 It tempts a man at first, yet strange to utter,
 When one comes neere, fogg gudd, it stinks of butter;
 Another tripping comes to her Mistress's Pew,
 Where being arriv'd, she tryes if she can view
 Her young mans face, and straight heaves up her coats,
 That her sweet-heart may see her true-love knots.
 But having sat up late the night before
 To let the young-man in at the back doore,
 She feeleth drowziness upon her creeping,
 Turnes downe one proovs, and then she falls a sleeping.
 Then fell her head one way, her book another,
 And surely she did dream by what we gather;
 For long she had not slept, when a rude flea
 Upon her groyn sharply began to prey;
 Straight she (twixt sleep and waking) in great ire,
 As if sh'ad sitting been by th' Kitchen fire,
 Pulls up her coats with both hands, smock and all,
 And with both hands to scratch and scrub doth fall,
 Truly the Priest, though some did, saw her not,
 For he was praying, and his eyes were shut.
 Alas had he seen as much as a by-stander,
 Much more from's Text it would have made him wander,

That's call'd the Gallery, which (as you may see)
 Was trimm'd and gilt in the yeare Fifty three,
 'Twas a zealous work, and done by two Church-wardens,

Who

Maids beware
 of sleeping at
 Church.

Who for mis-reckoning hope to have their Pardon;
 There *will* write Short-hand with a pen of brasse,
 Oh how he's wonder'd at by many an ale,
 That for him shake so fast his wartie fist,
 As if he'd write the Sermon 'fore the Priest
 Has spoke it; Then, O that I could (saye one)
 Doe but as this man does, I'de give a crowne,
 Up goes another hand, up goes his eyes,
 And he, Gifts, Induſtrie, and Talents cryes;

Hang is

Thus are they plac'd at length: a tedious work!
 And now a bellowing noife went round the Kirk,
 From the low Font, up to the Golden Creed.

(O happy they who now no eares doe need!)

While these cough up their morning ſlegme, and thoſe
 Doe trumpet forth the ſnivel of their noſe;

Straight then the Clark began with pottheard voice
 To grope a tune, ſinging with wofull noife,

Like a crackt Sans-bell jarring in the Steeple;

Tom Sternholds wretched Prick-song to the people,
 Who ſoon as he hath pac'd the fiſt line through,

Up ſteps Chuck-farthing then, and he reads too:

This is the womans boy that ſits i'th' Porch

Till th'Sexton comes, and brings her ſchole to Church;

Then out the people yſtule an hundred parts,

Some roare, ſome whine, ſome creak like wheels of Cart;

Such Notes that *Gannet* never yet did know,

Nor numerous keys of Harpſicalls in a row

Their Heights and Depths could ever comprehend;

Now below double *As* ſome deſcend,

'Bove *Ela* ſquealing now ten notes ſome ſlie;

Straight then as if they knew they were too high,

With head-long haſte down ſtaires againe they tumble;

Diſcords and Concorde O how thick they jumble!

Like untam'd horſes rearing with their throats

One wretched ſtave into an hundred notes.

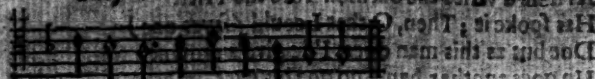
Some

Some lazie-throated fellows that did haile him for on Vn

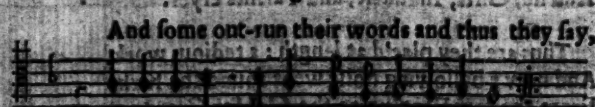
Robert Wis-
dom's de-
light.



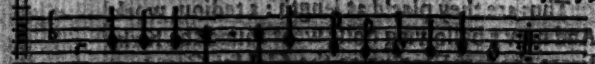
They a i-hin a moy : a moat uh, ga hax



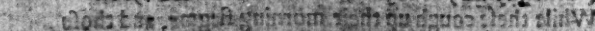
a ha me uh, a ha a galla.



And some out-run their words and thus they say,



Too cruell for to think a hum a haw.



Now what a whatstone was it to devotion
To see son pite, the looks, and every motion
O'th Sunday Leuite when up staine he marcht;
And first beheld his little band stiff march;
Two caps he had, and turns up that within;
You'd think he wore a black pot ript with tin,
His cuffs shon'd peep only out at a wrist
For they saw whiter gloves upon his fist,
Out comes his kerchief then which he unfolds
As gravely as his text, and fast he holds
In's wrath-denouncing hand; then mark when he pray'd
How he rear'd his reverend whites, and softly said
A long most Mercifull, or O Al-
Then out he whines the rest like a sad ditty
In a most dolefull *respective* style
His buttocks keeping Crotchet time the while
And as he flubbers o're his tedious story
Makes it his chiefest aime his chiefest glory
T' excell the City Doctor in speaking fine
O for the drippings of an old Sir Ioyne,
Instead of *Arc's* ointment for his face
When he cries out for *grace* insteac of *grace*.

Up stept another then, how sowre his face is
How grim he lookt, for he was one oth' *Classis*,

And

And here he cries, *Blood, blood, blood, destroy, O Lord!*
The Covenant-breaker, with a two-edge'd sword,
 Now comes another, of another strain,
 And he of law and bondage doth complain:
 Then shewing his broad teeth, and grinning wide,
 Aloud, *Free grace, free grace, free grace,* he cry'd.
 Up went a Chaplain then, fixing his eye
 Devoutly on his Patron's gallery,
 Who as duty bindes him, canse he eats their pye,
God blisse my good Lord and my Lady, cryes,
And's hopeful Issue. Then with count'nance sad,
 Up steps a man, stark revelation-mad,
 And he, *Cause us thy Saints, for thy dear sake,*
That we a bogle in the world may make,
Thy enemies now rage, and by and by
 He tears his throat for the *fifth Monarchy*.
 Another mounts his chin, *East, West, North, South;*
 Gaping to catch a blessing in his mouth,
 And saying, *Lord! We dare not open our eyes*
Before thee, winks for fear of telling lies:

Mean while the vulgar frie fit still, admiring
 Their pious sentences, as all inspiring;
 At every period they sigh and groane,
 Though he speak sometimes sense, and sometimes none;
 Their zeal doth never let them minde that matter,
 It is enough to hear the Magpye chatter;
 They crowd, they thrust, are crowded, and are thrust;
 Their paws seem pasties, wherein they incrust,
 Together bake and frie; O patience great!
 Yet they endure, though almost drown'd in sweat,
 Whose steaming vapours prove most singular
 To stew hard doctrines in, and to prepare
 Them, lest they should breed some ugly disease
 Being tak'n raw in queasie consciences.
 But further mark their great humility;
 Their tender love and mutual charity,
 The short man's shoulder bore the tall man's elbow,
 Nor he so much as call'd him Scurvy fellow,

Practice of
 Piety.

Wrestlers for gold, all anger was forsook,
 Although his neighbour stood upon his back,
 And in a word, all men were meek and humble;
 Nor dar'd the Scabbard, though unsheath'd, to gambol;
 He honest men went with his neck a skew,
 Gingling his bunch of keys from paw to paw;
 Good man to a Market-day he bore no spleen;
 But wish'd the seven dayes had Sabbath been;
 How' he worships fatim, with what a Gospel-fear;
 He admires the man that doth a beaver wear,
 Room, room, hear leave, he cries, then not unwilling
 With a *Pater noster* face receives the shilling.

But what was more religious than coles
 The women in their strains of piety,
 Who like the Seraphims in various hews,
 Adorn'd the Chancell and the highest pews;
 But now good middle-Age folks all give room,
 See where the Mothers and the Daughters come;
 Behinde the Servants looking all like Martyrs,
 With Bibles in pluch, jenkins and blew garters,
 The silver-inthorn and the writing book,

In which I wish no friend of mine to look.
 Now must we not forget the Children too,
 Who with their fore-tops gay stand up ith pew,
 Alas-a-day! for there is great contention
 To tis this lock who hath the best invention;
 Well, be good children, for the time shall come,
 When on the Pulpit Suits ye shall have room,
 There to be asked many a Question deep,
 By th' Parson, with his dinner, half a sleep.

But now aloft the Pastor 'gan to thunder,
 When the poor women they fir trembling under,
 And if he name *Gabeles* or the Dragon,
 Their faith, alas! I was like them to brag on;
 Or if he did relate, how little wit
 The foolish Virgins had, thin was they fir
 Weeping with watry eyes, and making vows
 One to have Prayers always in her house,

Hey-day!

Jack-a-Dandy!

To dine them well, and breakfast um with gally and mull
And candles hot to warm that quaking belly and mull
And if the cash where she could not unlock
Were close secur'd, to pick her husbands pocket
Another something a more thrifty finger
To invite the Parson twice a week to dinner
The other vows a purple Pulpit-cloth
With an embroider'd Cushion, belly-loth
When the fierce Priest his Doctrine hard unbuckles
That in the passion he should hurt his knuckles

Nay, in the Church-yard too was no small throng
And on the window-barrs in swarms they hung
Nay, I could see that many Short-hand wrote
Where listning well, I could not hear a note
Friend, this is strange, quoth I, but he reply'd
Alas! your ears are yet unsanctify'd

But Sermon's done, and evening now approaches
The people walk, for none dare go in coaches
And as they go, God, Grace, and Ordinance
Is all their chat, they seem in heav'nly trances
Thus they swim up their souls with holy words
Shaving off sin as men shave off their beads
To grow the faster; fins, they cry, are faggies
The Godly live above all Ordiances

Now they're at home, and have their suppers set
When Thomas, cries the Master, come repeat
And if the window-gaze upon the street
To sing a Psalm they hold it very meet
But would you know what a prodigious zeal
They sing their Hymnes without a well
The Boy begins, Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum
Hum, hum, hum, hum, Thomas hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum
Did you enter down the ten yards of water & tabby to the
Lady in Covent-garden
Hum, hum, Yes Sir, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum
hum, hum.

Pray remember to receive the hundred pound in Graciously
first to morrow,

in a blood

To be heard of
men,

To the Tune
of S. Margarets
Chimes,

Hum hum hum
 Hum hum hum hum *Mary*, hum hum hum hum,
 Anon forsooth.
 Pray remember to rise betimes to morrow morning, you
 know you have a great many clothes to sope, hum hum,
 hum hum, hum hum, &c.

Behold the zeal
 of the people.

But Sunday now good night, and now good morrow,
 To thee oh Covenant Wednesday full of sorrow,
 Alas I my Lady *Anne* wont now be merry,
 She's up betimes and gone to *Alderman-bury*,
 Truly 'twas a sad-day, for every sinnes
 Did feast a supper then, and not at dinner;
 Nor men nor women wash their face to day,
 Put on their clothes, and piss, and so away;
 They throng to Church just as they sell their ware,
 In greasie hats, and old gowns worn thread-bare,
 Where, though th' whole body suffered tedious pain,
 No member yet had more cause to complain
 Than the poor nose, when little to its ease,
 A Chandelers closk perfum'd with candle-grease,
 Commixing fents with a Sope-boylers breeches,
 Did raise a stink beyond the skill of Witches,
 Now steams of Garlic through the nostrils passage
 Made thorough-faires, hell take their bold embassage,
 With these *scumlangus* and a breath that smells
 Like standing-pools in subterraneall cells,
 Compos'd Pomanders to out-slink the Devil,
 Yet strange to tell, they sufferd all this evil,
 Nor to make water all the while would rise,
 The women first had sponges twist their thighs
 To stir at this good time they thought was sin,
 So strictly their devotion kept them in.

In based on T
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and T 1000
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Now the Priest's elbows do the cushion knead,
 While to the people he his Text doth read,
 Beloved, I shall have crave leave to speak
 A word he cries and winks, unto the weak,
 The words are these, *Make haste and doe not tarry*,
But unto Babylon thy dinner carry,

There

There doth young Daniel want in the Den,
 Thrown among Lyons by hard-hearted men.
 Here my Beloved, and then he reaches down
 His hand, as if he'd catch the Clerk by th' crown?
 Not to explain this pretious Text amiss
 Daniel's the subject, Hunger th' object is,
 Which proves that Daniel was subject to hunger,
 But that I may not detain you any longer,
 My brethren all prick up your ears, and put on
 Your senses all, while I the words unbutton.
 Make haste, I say, make haste and do not carry,
 Why? my Beloved, these words great force do carry.
 Ah! 'tis a woundron emphaticall speech,
 Some men Beloved, as if th' had leid i' their breech,
 Doe walk, and some (as snails) doe creep as fast:
 Truly, my Brethren, these men doe not make haste,
 But be ye quick, dear Sisters, be ye quick,
 And lest ye fall take hope, hope's like a stick,

To Babylon] Ah Babylon! that word's a weighty one,
 Truly 'twas a great City, and a mighty one,
 Which as the learned Rider well records,
 Semiramis did build with brick and boards,
 Wicked Semiramis, Oh how I stretch I
 My spirit is mightily provok'd against that wretch!
 Lustfull Semiramis, for well I wist
 Thou wert the mother of proud Antichrist.
 Nay, like to Levi and Simeon from antiquity,
 The Pope and thee were sisters in iniquity.
 Strumpet Semiramis, like her was thou,
 For she built Babylon; Ah! the built Babylon!

But, Brethren, be ye good as she was evil,
 Must ye needs go because she's gone to the Devil?
 Thy dinner carry.] Here may we look upon
 A child of God in great affliction:
 Why what does he alle? Alas! he wanteth meat,
 Now what (Beloved) was sent him for to eat?

The Expectation.

Use:
 Not like an anchor.

Babel battered.

Use.

Truly a small matter : one a dish of porrage.
 But pray what porrage ? Such as a small cottage
 Afforded onely to the Country swaine,
 From whence, though not a man the place explains.
 'Tis guess'd that neither Christmas porrage 'twas,
 Nor white-broth, nor cap'o-broth, good for sick maies,
 Nor milk-porrage, or thick pease-porrage either,
 Nor was it mutton-broth, nor veal-broth neither,
 But sure some homely stuff crum'd with brown-bread,
 And thus was *Daniel*, good *Daniel* fed.
 Truly, this was but homely fare you'l say.

Would he have
 been so con-
 tent ?

3 Use.

Several Rea-
 sons.

Yet *Daniel*, good *Daniel* was content that day:
 And though there could be thought on nothing cheaper,
 Yet fed as well on't as he had been a reaper.
 Better eat any thing than not at all.
 Fasting, Beloved, why ? 'tis prejudiciall
 To the weak Saints, Beloved 'tis a sin,
 And thus to prove the same I will begin :
 Hunger, Beloved, why ? this hunger maile,
 An 'tis a great maile, it breaks stone-walls,
 Now my Beloved, to break stone-walls you know,
 Why 'tis flat felony, and there's a great woe
 Follows that sin, besides 'tis a great schisme,
 'Tis ceremonious, 'tis Pagan Judisme,
 Judisme / why beloyed, have you ere been
 Where the black Dog of *Neper* gate you have seen ?
 Hair'd like a Turk, with eyes like Antichrist,
 He doth and hath ye Brethren long entic'd.
 Claws like a star-chamber bishop, black as hell,
 And doubtlesse he was one of those that fell.
 Judisme I say is uglier than this dog :
 Truly & earnest's not so foul a hog.

Description of
 Antichrist.

Thrown among Lyons by hard-hearted men,
 Here *Daniel* is the Church, the world's the Dan.
 By Lyons are meant Monarchs, Kings of Nations,
 Those worse than heathenish abominations :
 Truly dear friends, these Kings and Governours,
 These Bishops too, my all superiour powers.

Why

Why they ate Lyons, Locusts, Whales, & Whales, beloved,
 Off goes our ears if once their wrath be moved,
 But woe unto you Kings! woe to you Princes!
 'Tis fifty and four, now Antichrist, so saies
 My book, must reign three daies, and three half daies,
 Why that is three years and a half beloved,
 Or else as many precious men have proved
 One thousand two hundred and threescore daies,
 Why now the time's almost expir'd, time staies
 For no man; friends then Antichrist shall fall,
 Then down with Rome, with Babel, down with all,
 Down with the Devil, the Pope, the Emperour,
 With Cardinals, and the King of Spaine's great power;
 They'l muster up, but I can tell you where,
 At Armageddon, there, Beloved, there,
 Fall on, fall on, kill, kill, slow, slow,
 Kill Amaleck, and Turk, kill Gog and Magog too.
 But who deare friends fed Daniel thus forsak'n
 Truly (but there's one sleeps, a would do well to awak'n.)
 As 'tis in th' English his name ends in Ock
 And so his name is called Habacuck,

And hey then
 up goe we.

But in th' originall it ends in Ock
 For that deare sisters calls him have-a-Cock.
 And truly I suppose I need not feare
 But that there are many have a cocks here:
 The Land increase the number of have a cocks,
 Truly false Prophets will arise in flocks,
 But as a sarding candle shut up quite
 In a dark Lanthorne never giveth light;
 Ev'n such are they. Ay but my brethren deare
 I' am no such Lanthorne, for my horns are cleare.
 But I shall now conclude this glorious truth
 With an exhortation to old men and youth:
 Be sure to feed young Daniel, that's to say,
 Feed all your Ministers that Preach and pray.
 First, of all cause 'tis good, I speak that know so,
 Fourthly, cause 'tis no evil for to doe so.

The Doctrine
 of Generation.

For Ministers
 may be Cuckys
 holds:

Use of Ex-
 hortation.

Motives 1.

31

Thirdly,

3.
12.

Hunger a great
enemy to Go-
spel duty.

A crop-sick
Sister.

Thirdly, because 'tis very good, and twelfthly
Cause there's naught better, unless I my false lye.

But now his smel's she pyes begin to reek,

His teeth water, and he can no longer speak;

And now it will not be amiss to tell ye

How he was troubled with a woman's belly;

For she was full of candle and devotion,

Which in her stomach raised a commotion,

For the hot vapours much did damnishe,

The woman went to walk in Finsbury:

So though a while she was sustain'd with ginger,

Yet at the length a cruel paine did twinge her;

And like as marble sweats before a shower,

So did she sweate, and sweating forth did poure

Her mornings draught of Sugar lope and Saffron

Into her sighing neighbour's cambrick apron.

At which a Lord she cry'd full sad to see

The foule mishap, yet sufferd patiently:

How doe you then she cry'd? I'me glad 'tis up;

As sick, sick, sick; cries one, oh for a cup

Of my mint water that's at home.

As patz as might be, then the Parson cry'd,

'Tis good; one holds her head, let't come let't come,

Still crying; just i'th' nick, the Priest reply'd,

Yea like a streame you ought to let it flow,

And then she reach'd and once more let it goe.

Streight an old woman with a brace of chins,

A bunch of keys, and cushion for her pins,

Seeing in earnest, the good woman lack it

Drawes a strong water bottle from her placket;

Well heated with her flesh, she take's a sup,

Then gives the sick, and bids her drink it up.

But all in vain, her eyes begin to rowle,

She sighs, and all cry out, alas poore soule!

One then doth pinch her cheek, one pulls her nose

Some blest the opportunity that were her foes,

And they reveng'd themselves upon her face,

S. Dunstons Divell was ne're in such a case.

Now

A very great
Creatura-
comfort.

A great crye,
and a little
wooll.

Now Priest say what thou wilt, for here's a chat
 Begun of this great Empirick, and that
 Renowned Doctor, what cures they have done:
 I like not *Majors*, he speaks French sayes one,
 Oh sayes another, though the man be big,
 For my part, I know none like *Dr. Trig.*
 Nay, hold you there sayes t' other, on my life
 There's none like *Chamberlain* the man midwife.
 Then in a heap, their own receipts they must
 To make this gelly, how to make that plaster,
 Which when she heares, but that now fainting lay,
 Up starteth she, and talke as fast as they.
 But they that did not mind this dolefull passion
 Followed their business on another fashion,
 For all did write, the Elder and the Novice,
 Me thought the Church look't like the six Clerks office.

But *Sermon's* done, and all the folks as fast
 As they can trudge, to Supper now make haste:
 Downe comes the Priest, when a grave Brother meets him,
 And putting off his narrow-brimm'd hat, thus greets him:
 Deare Sir, my Wife and I doe you invite
 O' th' Creature with us to partake this night:
 And now suppose what I prepare to tell ye,
 The City dams, whose farts is in the belly
 Of her cramm'd Priest, had all her cates in order,
 That *Gracious-street*, or *Chappell* can afford her.

Los. first a Pudding I truly 't had more Ransome
 Than forty Sermons shew as forty seasons,
 Then a *Sauoyne* came in, as hot as fire,
 Yet not so hot as was the Priests desire.
 Next came a shoulder of Mutton rolled raw,
 To be as utterly abolisht as the Law.
 The next in order was a Capon plump,
 With an Use of Consolation in his rump.
 Then came a Turkey cold, which in his life
 Had a fine taile, just like the Citizens wife.
 But now bye have well worship too, for such ye,
 Here comes the *Vindication* by *Justice*:

A great sign of
 grace.

Bill of fare.

Which once set downe, there at the hils hole
 Immediately in whips the Parsons scule
 He saw his Stomacks anchor, and beliv'd
 That now his belly should not be deceiv'd.
 How he leans ore the chere toward his first mover
 While his hot zeale doth make his mouth run over.
 This Pastie had Brethren too, like to the Mayor,
 Three Christmas, or Minc'd pies, all very faire,
 Methought they had this Motto. *I bough they first wup*
And preach us down, Sub pendens crescit virtus.
 Apple tarts, Fooles, and strong chiefe to keep downe
 The steaming vapours from the Parsons crown.
 Canary too, and Claret eke also,
 Which made the tips of their eares and noses glow.
 Up now they rise, and walk to their severall chaits,
 When loe, the Priest uncovers both his eares:

Grace before
 meat.

Most gracious Shepherd of the Brethren all,
 Thou saidst that we should eate, before the Fall,
 Then was the world but simple, for they knew
 Not either how to bake, or how to brew.
 But happily we fall, and then the Vine
 Did *Noah* plant, and all the Priests drank wine.
 Truly we cannot but rejoyce to see
 Thy gifts dispers'd with such equality.
 To us th' all given wide throats, and teeth to eate,
 To the women, knowledge how to trass our meat.
 Make us devoutly constant in thy cup,
 And grant us strength when we shall come to sup.
 To beate away thy ardentur on our face,
 And not be feare to tumble in the sea.
 We are thy sheep, O let us feed, feed on,
 Till we become as fat as any *Beast*.
 Then let's fall to, and eat up all the chere,
 Straight So be it hee say, and call for more.

Much good
 may doe you
 Sir.

Now then, like *Joseph* he falls to worke,
 And hews the Building of his new Make Turke.

How

How he plough'd up the Beefe like Forrest-land,
 And fum'd because the bones his wrath withstand;
 Upon the Mutton he fell not like a Lamb,
 But rather like a Wolfe he tore the same.
 At first a Sister helpe him, but this Elfe fir,
 Wearying her out, she cryes, *Pray help your self fir*
 Upon the Pasty though he fell anon,
 As if 't had been the walls of *Babylon*.
 Like a Cathedrall downe he throwes that fuffe,
Why, Sisters, saith he, I am pepper-pruffe.
 Then down he powres the Claret, and down again,
 And would the French King were a *Puritan*.
 He cryes: swills up the Sack, and I'll be sworn
 Quoth he, *Spaines* King is not the *Popes* Smith borne. Christian said
givenesse.
 By this his tearing hunger doth abate,
 And on the second course they gan to prate.
 Then quoth *Priseilla*, Oh my brother deare:
 Truly y'are welcome to this homely cheare,
 And therefore eate, good brother, eate your fill.
 Alas for *Daniel*, my heart aketh still.
 Then quoth the Priest, *Sister be of good heart*.
 But she reply'd good brother eate *saith I eat*.
Rebecca then a member of the Iection
 Began to talk of brotherly affection:
 For this, said she: as I have heard the wile
 Discourse, consisteth much in exercise.
 Yet I was foolish, and would oft resist.
 But you had more grace, Brother, then to desist.
 Streight he reply'd, there is a time for all things:
 There is a time for great things and for small things,
 There's a time to eat, and drink, and reformation,
 A time to empy, and for procreation.
 Therefore deare Sister let us take our time,
 There's Reason for't, I never eat d for Rhyme.
 Then truly answer'd she, tis a good motion,
 And I embrace it with a warme devotion.
 Why you know Brother you did never prove
 That I was ere ingratfull for your love, Nothing be-
and ingrat-
tude.

But sometimes Angels did attend your Nurse,
 At other times you know I did you nurse,
 With many a secret dish of hilly meat,
 And presently we went and did the feast:
 Truly quoth *Dore* then, I saw a Vision,
 That we should have our foes in great detision,
 Quoth *Martha* straight, (and then she shook the crums
 From off her apron white, and pickt her gums)
 So I doo hope, for so our Brother said:
 O what a heavenly piece of work he made!
 But I am ingrant, and my memory short,
 I shall forget, were I to be hang'd for't.
 Then quoth the Priest, The chaire that here we see,
 Is but an Emblem of Mortality.

The Oxe is strong, and glories in his strength,
 Yet him the Butcher knocks down, and at length
 We eate him up. A Turke's very gay,
 Like worldly people clad in fine array;
 Yet on the Spir it looks most piteous,
 And we devour it, as the wormes eate us.

Then full of sawce and zekle up steps *Elnathan*,
 [This was his name now, once he had another,
 Untill the Ducking-pond made him a Brother]
 A Deacon, and a Buffeter of Sathan.

Truly, quoth he, I know a Brother deare,
 Would gladly pick the bones of what's left here,
 Nay he would gladly pick your pockets too
 Of a small two-pence, or a groat, or so,
 The sorry remnants of a broken shilling;
 Therefore I pray you friends be not unwilling,
 But as for me, tis more than I doo need,
 To be charitable both in word and deed:
 For as to us, the holy Scriptures say,

The Deacons must receive, the Lay-men say.
 Why Heatcher tells that doe in Taverns lye,
 Will never let their friends the reckning pay,
 And therefore poure your charity into this bason,
 Brother and Sisters etc. your courts have face on.

A man may
 love his brother

but

Why

Why Brethren in the Lord, what need you care
 For six pence? we'll one hour advance our ware.
 Your six pence comes againe, my thare comes more;
 Thus Charity's th' encreaser of your store.
 Truly well spoke, then cry'd the Master-leaster,
 Since you say so, here, you shall have my resters:
 But for the women, they gave more liberally,
 For they were sure to whom they gave, and why?

Then did *Elnathan* blinke, for he knew well
 What he might give, and what he might conceale. Not better
than himselfe;

But now the Parson could no longer stay,
 'Tis time to kisse, he cries and so away.

At which the sisters, once th' alarm tak'n,
 Made such a din as would have serv'd to wak'n
 A sleeping brother, when he sleeps at Church;

With bagg and baggage then they gan to march;
 And tickled with the thoughts of their delight,

One sister to the other bids Good night.

Good night quoth *Diana* to *Priscilla* she,

Good night deare sister *Diana* unto thee.

In these goodly good nights much time was spent,

And was it not a holy complement?

At length in steps the Parson, on his breast

Laying his hand, A happy night of rest

Reward thy labours sister: yet ere we part,

Feel in my lips the passion of my heart.

To another straight he turn'd his face, and kist her,

And then he cries, *All pence be with this Sister*

To another in a godly tune he whines,

Deare Sister from thy lip he takes my kiss.

With that he kist, and whispers in her ear,

The time when it should be, and the place where,

Thus they all part, the Parson follows close,

For well the Parson knoweth where he goes.

This seem'd a golden time, the fall of day

You'd think the thousand years did now begin,

When Satan chain'd below should cease to roare,

Not dust the wicked as they went before.

Come to the Church for palliages, nor durst laugh
 To heare the non-plust Doctor feigne a cough,
 The Devill himselfe, alas I now durst not stand
 Within the switching of the Sertons wand,
 For so a while the Priests did him pursue,
 That he was faine to keep the Sabbath too,
 Left being taken in the Elders lure,
 He should have paid his crown unto the poore;
 And lest he should like a deceiver come

Twixt the two Sundays *inter flitium*,
 They lust up Lecturers with texts and straw,
 On working-dayes to keep the Devill in awe,
 But strange to thinke, for all this solemn meeknesse,
 At length the Devill appeared in his likenesse,
 While these decoits did but supply the wants
 Of broken usticists, and of thread-bare Saints.

O! what will men not dare, if thus they dare
 Be impudent to Heaven, and play with Prayer!
 Play with that feare, with that religious awe
 Which keeps men free, and yet is mans great lure;
 What can they but the worst of Atheists be,
 Who while they word it gainst impiety,
 Affront the throne of God with their false deeds,
 Alas, this wonder in the Atheist breeds.

Are these the men that would the Age reforme,
 That Down with Superstition cry, and swarme
 This painted Glasse, that Sculpture to deface,
 But worship pride, and avarice in their place,
 Religion they bawle out, yet know not what
 Religion is, unless it be to prate.

Meeknesse they preach, but study to controule;
 Money they'd have, when they cry out the foule
 And angry, will not have Our Father said,
 Cause it prayes not enough for daily bread,
 They meet in private, and cry Persecution,
 When Faction is their end, and Scave confusion,
 These are the men that plague and over-run
 Like Goths and Vandells all Religion.

Every Minister, whether washing Rock
 Or wit to keep his trade must have a flock:
 The Spirit, cryes he, moveth me unto it,
 And what the Spirit bids, must I not do it?
 But having profited more than his flock by teaching,
 And slept into authority by preaching,
 For a lay Office, leaves the Spirit's motion
 And streight retirreth from his first devotion:
 But this he does in want, give him preferment,
 Off goes his gowne, God's call is no detrement.
 Vaine foolish people, how are ye deceiv'd?
 How many severall sorts have ye receiv'd
 Of things call'd truths, upon your backs lay'd on
 Like saddles for themselves to ride upon?
 They rid amaine, and hell and ~~Satan~~ drove,
 While every Priest for his own profit strove.
 Can they the age thus torture with their lyes,
 Low'd bellowing to the world Impieties,
 Black as their coates, and such a silent feare
 Lock up the lips of men, and ~~deafne~~ the care?
 Had that same holy Israelite bin dumb,
 That fatall day of old had never come
 To Baals Tribe, and thrice unhappy age
 While zeale and piety like mask'd in rage
 And vulgar ignorance. How we doe wonder
 Once hearing, that the heavens were fir'd to thunder
 Against assailing Gyants, surely men,
 Men thought could not presume such violence then:
 But 'twas no Fable, or if then it were,
 Behold a sort of bolder mortals here,
 Those undermining shifts of knavish folly,
 Using alike to God and men most holy,
 Infidels who now seem to have found out
 A suttler way to bring their ends about.
 Against the Deity then op'nly to fight
 By smooth insinuation and by slight:
 They close with God, seem to obey his Lawes,
 They cry aloud for him and for his cause.

But

But while they doo thus brist in passion proud,
Deny in actions what their words doo teach.

O what will come me due, if thus they doe

Be impudent with Heaven, and play with Prayer?

Yet if they can no better teach than thus,

Would they would only teach themselves not us:

So while they still on empty out-sides dwell,

They may perhaps be chooke with hulk and shell;

While those, who can their follies well refuse,

By a true knowledge, doe obtaine the fruit.

FINIS